

POLLOCK'S FOLLY

By MARY L. PARRISH

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"That's Pollock's Folly!"

The bus driver never neglected to point to the house on the hill when giving information to new arrivals as to points of interest in the little town of Hackley. The house of graceful architecture, and spacious grounds had something of the forlorn look of a sightless person with its boarded-up windows, and the paintless walls, and locked gates completed the aspect of desolation.

"No, there ain't anybody living there, never has been," he went on. "It ain't even finished inside. Some folks say it's haunted, but I don't believe that, 'cause it's never been lived in. You see Stephen Pollock started building the house, when all of a sudden everything stopped. It couldn't have been for lack of money, 'cause that's his paper mill you saw just before you come in on the train, and it had been running steady for quite a spell before that. No one ever knew whether he was building the house to rent, or whether he meant to get married and live in it himself, for Pollock's one of them close-mouthed kind that you couldn't get a word out of with blustering powder if he didn't want to talk. There was plenty of offers to buy, but Pollock just said it wasn't for sale. He's in Boston now most of the time, and keeps to himself when he's here."



Marian Paused at the Door.

and it's more'n ten years since work stopped on that place.

"Yes, Pollock must be all of forty-five now. He wasn't so awful young when he started to build. He's fair and square to his men, and they all swear by him."

What was the mystery of the house on the hill?

One of the passengers to whom the bus driver told the story later on came into possession of the facts, and here they are: Marion Burrows, losing both parents when a child, had been taken in charge by an aunt in Boston, who was totally incapable of understanding the romantic, high-strung, and rather self-willed nature of the girl. Though only in moderate circumstances, she sent Marian away to a fashionable boarding school to get her off her hands. The girl came back, prettier, more attractive, and if anything, more unmanageable than ever. At nineteen the art craze took possession of her, she had visions of a career, and haunted studios. One day she met Pollock, whom a young novelist had brought to a reception. The vivid, responsive nature of the girl appealed to the quiet, serious man. He managed to be introduced at her home, and it was easy to construe the meaning of his frequent visits.

Marian grew to love the handsome, distinguished looking man, and finally said yes to his suit. Her aunt regarded the match as highly advantageous, and was correspondingly pleased.

One day he told Marian of the pretty home he was building for her in Hackley. A shadow passed over her face.

"Do you mean that we are to live there?" she asked.

"Why, of course, my business is there. Why, dear?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, changing the subject to hide her disappointment.

The more she thought of burying herself, as she called it, in the little town, the more distasteful did it become. Then it came upon her she did not love this man as she had thought she did, or she would follow him to the end of the earth.

At this crucial moment Marco Torini appeared on the scene. He had sung at a great charity concert, and was the lion of the hour. His beautiful tenor voice was filling the studio when Marian paused at the door. The glory of it took her by storm. She seemed in such a spell she did not even join in the applause of the other guests.

The young Italian's words and manner completed the fascination, and Marian went home in a daze of dream, charmed by her appreciation, and died in falling in love with her.

Marian, carried off her feet by the ardent, romantic love-making of the Italian, after three weeks' acquaintance, eloped with Torini. They were married and sailed immediately for London.

Strong, deep natures like Pollock's do not cry out with their hurt, but sink farther, and stays longer for the repression. Beyond Marian's aunt and the few in Boston who had known of the engagement, no one ever heard anything from Stephen Pollock. Work was stopped on the pretty house, and the windows boarded up. Closed up, so, seemed the affectional side of his nature. He was not embittered, but he did not seek much the society of

women. Still the men in his factory loved him.

Meanwhile what of the girl who had wrought this havoc in his life? In London Torini was quite as much the fashion as in America. The round of receptions, dinners and all kinds of gaiety which caught the young couple in its whirl seemed to the girl a dream of fairyland. They visited the great European capitals, and in Paris a daughter was born to them. Marian was ill for some months, and when she recovered sufficiently to care for the child, she gave it most of her time. Very soon she found that her husband, to whom adulation and demonstrative appreciation were the breath of his life, was seeking elsewhere the satisfaction of his temperamental demands. Fashionable women flattered him, and his wife became a third-rate consideration. Her life with him grew to be intolerable, but they were now living in his own home in Italy, and she knew if she left him they would take the child from her.

At eight years of age the little girl died, and Marian then determined at all hazards to leave her husband.

Marian had some valuable jewels, and with a little money she had saved, she left Italy, and sailed for America. Her aunt had never answered her letters, and she feared to face her. But she nerved herself up to make the attempt. She discovered her aunt had gone, and she was unable to trace her.

It was nearly two years since she had returned, and Marian began to awake to the fact that her small store of money was nearly exhausted. She tried to think what she could do to earn her living. Finally she advertised for a position as a companion. Thinking her foreign name might be a drawback, she called herself Mrs. Torrence. The letters she received were most discouraging, but at last there was one which seemed promising. She called at the appointed time on the lady, Mrs. Cromer, whom she found in a boarding house in a good part of the city. Mrs. Cromer, good natured and middle-aged, impressed her favorably.

"You see, it's like this," said the lady. "I'm going to live in a country town. I shall be all alone, and shall not know anyone in the place. I don't know of anybody to take with me. It's going to be lonesome and small pay, but you said it was mostly a home you wanted."

"Yes," broke in Marian, "that's it. I think I should like to go."

"Pollock's Folly" had suddenly taken on a new lease of life. A force of workmen were going in and out, and the transformation was the talk of the town. The owner must be intending to bring a bride; but when the middle-aged Mrs. Cromer, and her companion moved in, "Hackley" was again disappeared.

"You see," said Mrs. Cromer to Marian, "I have just the dearest cousin in the world. When her fortune went to smash, and he found me in a boarding house, he said: 'Now there's that empty house of mine going to rack and ruin, and you without a home—it's selfish. If you'll live there, I'll fix it up.' Well, I jumped at it. And she told the girl how the woman he had loved had left him, and the house he had meant for her had been for years too sacred a place to be ever entered by anyone. She did not mention his name, but the story set Marian wondering."

"Isn't such a love a wonderful thing?" mused the lady. "And to think that girl wasn't worthy of it."

"No, she wasn't," answered Marian, "but she was young and foolish."

"Why, there he is now!" cried Mrs. Cromer, and the next moment Marian was face to face with Pollock. Both covered the shock of meeting as quietly as possible with commonplace greetings, but Mrs. Cromer saw that something unusual had happened, and soon made an excuse to leave them alone.

"I haven't any right," she said, "to even think you care to know, but—"

And she told him the whole miserable story of the last ten years.

"Oh, I came to know—to realize how foolish—how mad I had been," she added brokenly, "but it was too late."

"Yes—too late," he said. And with no more words he went.

It seemed strange to Marian that she should be living in the place which had been so lovingly consecrated to her, only as an interloper. She found herself watching and listening for the sound of his voice; but days and weeks went by and he did not return.

One morning she saw in the newspaper which had just come in a notice of the death of the noted tenor, Marco Torini. There was to her no sorrow in the news, only a feeling of liberation. She went out in a secluded corner of the garden to be alone. Suddenly a voice broke the silence. Pollock's voice, speaking to a workman. She started to go back, when he strode up quickly, detaining her.

"Marian," he said, "I have been thinking it may not be too late."

Looking into her eyes he knew that he was right.

Care in Tuberculosis.

Living with a case of tuberculosis is not particularly dangerous if the patient and those around him will exercise proper care. Sputum cups or paper napkins should be used for all discharges of the nose and throat, as well as for matter coughed up from the lungs. Handkerchiefs should not be used, since it is an expensive matter to destroy them, and washing them is not safe unless the soiled handkerchief is boiled immediately after use.

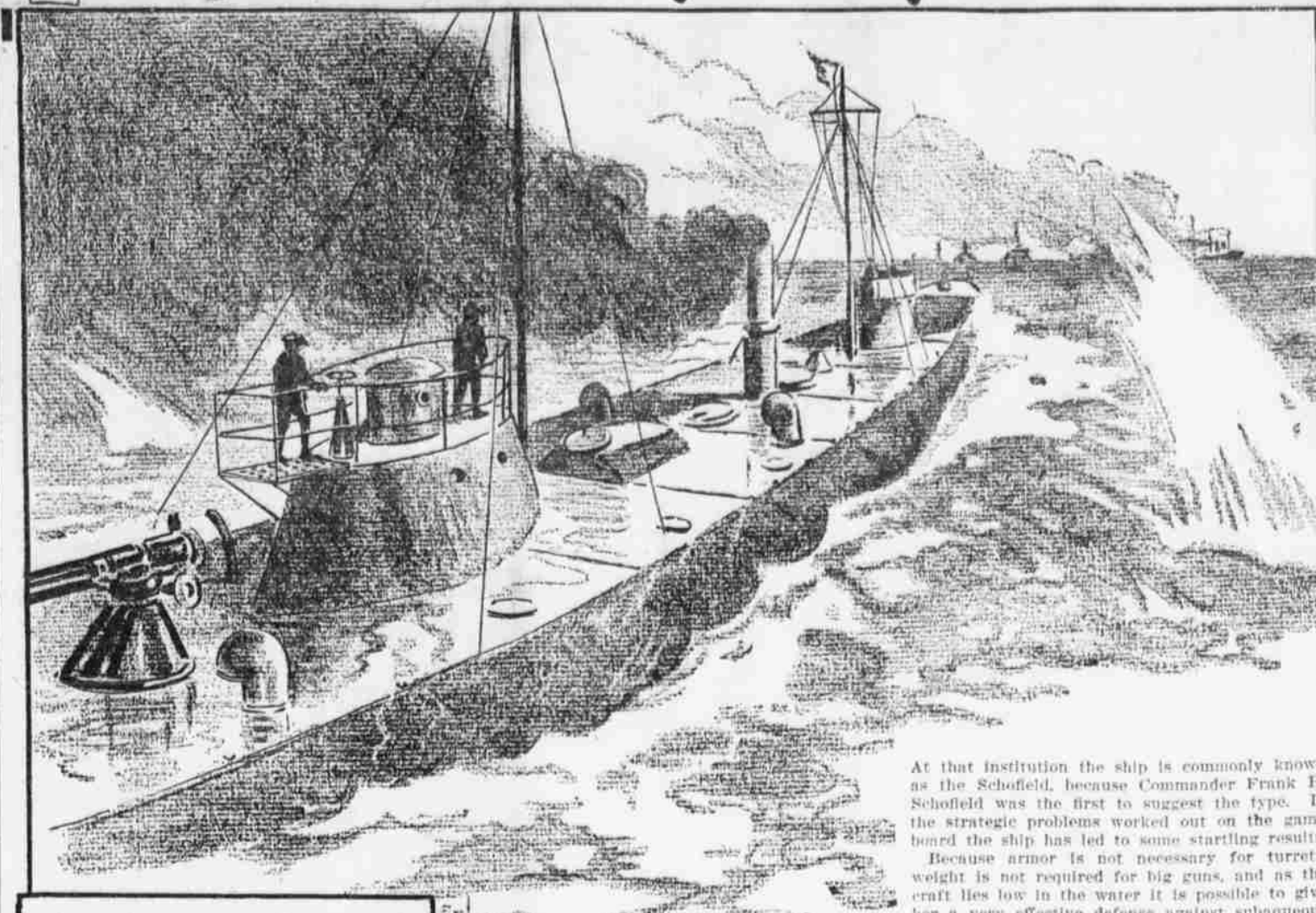
The Turkey.

"Though a little vain and silly, the turkey," Franklin said, "is a native American and a bird of courage." Had he known more on the subject he would have added that the turkey is both wise and cleanly and is never vain or silly except during the mating season. Can more be said of any other bird—or man?

Condition of Friendship.

"If you want me to feel friendly to you, you must talk to me," says Doc Frank Crane. If you want us to feel friendly to you, you must let us do some of the talking.

Uncle Sam May Surprise 'Em



American naval experts believe they can build a sea fighter that will astonish the world; it is a semi-submerged torpedo cruiser

WHAT is the next surprise that naval architects have in store for the world?

Is it possible to modify radically existing types of battle craft?

Has the naval strategist anything in mind that will be totally unlike present warships—something that will upset the prevailing order of battle tactics upon the sea? These questions are asked by Robert G. Skerrett in the New York Sun, and he goes on to say that experts answer yes to questions two and three. One of the foremost of American naval officers said not long ago:

"I believe we can build a ship here that will make the whole world sit up and take notice if we want to do so."

This assertion was brought out by a debate on the subject of naval increase, when the genius of the modern dreadnaught was discussed. An interesting light was thrown upon the origin and reason for being of that era-making type of heavy ship of the line. The disclosure illustrates how kindred forces may be at work in calling into being another and no less startling departure in naval architecture. According to the officer in question:

"England has been criticized for inventing the dreadnaught type on the ground that if she had not done so she would have maintained a greater preponderance over every other navy in her dreadnaught type, and as the dreadnaught type is far more efficient she therefore had to start even with other nations again. The reply to that is that she did not invent the type, but it was absolutely forced upon her."

"In the days when we were firing at each other at 2,000 or 3,000 yards a dreadnaught was not a logical thing at all, because at those ranges you could use an eight-inch gun with great effect or a six-inch gun. But as soon as Admiral Sir Percy Scott showed us how to train gun pointers with his new device it changed the situation materially. His whole invention was a method of training gun pointers."

"We applied it on our side and we talked to people on this side and to people on the other side of the Atlantic about it. I went over to England and talked to the gun people there and we finally, tentatively going from one range to another, found out that we could hit a target at 8,000 or 9,000 yards, which were considered enormous ranges in those days."

"You cannot hit anything with a six-inch gun at those distances. It was therefore perfectly illogical for them to build any more battleships except with all big guns. Accordingly, the all-big-gun ship had to be built."

"We would have built the first one on this side if the authorities here had listened to us. England did not invent the all-big-gun ship. It was Admiral Sir Percy Scott who thought out how to shoot at long range, and the other fellows followed as a natural consequence. Big guns are the only ones that will do any particular damage at long range."

"The present conflict has made it plain that in actual warfare the nation with initiative will have a great advantage, and Germany has undoubtedly kept her foot guessing. No one knows what she is likely to spring next upon her antagonists, but past performances hint at certain possibilities."

Capt. William S. Sims thus describes a thoroughly practicable, novel order of battle craft. Its theoretical advantages are so evident to the experts that the likelihood of its appearing before long is more than a possibility.

"If you build a ship of 20,000 tons that has nothing but a protective deck, and so flat that nothing could get under it, that only has two towers, one forward and one aft, to control the ship, and no guns at all, but armed with eight or ten torpedo tubes on a side, and capable of making 35 knots, I would like to know what a fleet

could do when one of them comes down in its midst," he says.

"There would be nothing to hurt if you did happen to hit her, and she could fire all the torpedoes she wants to at you. One of our young officers recommended a vessel of that type. Natural conservatism on the part of the older men who control the upper end of all services—and it is the natural conservatism of large bodies that control our government—stands in the way of just such a proposition; those men do not quite like the radical idea. But just the same one of those novel craft will pop up one of these days; and for all we know it will come out of Wilhelmshaven before this war is over."

It is a well-known fact that the destroyer has proved the submarine's worst enemy, and for two reasons: First, because of its speed, combined with effective gun power; and, second, owing to the difficulties of retaliation through torpedo attack, the submarine's only sufficient answer to the destroyer's rapid fire. More often than otherwise the underwater boat's principal weapon has sped harmlessly under the destroyer without scoring, simply because the destroyer draws far less water than the submarine's intended quarry, the big vessel.

The torpedo is ordinarily set to run deep enough to strike well below a large ship's armor belt, and therefore is apt to pass without hitting below the keel of a destroyer. It was this idea that Captain Sims had in mind when he said that the novel battle craft was to be built so that "nothing could get under it."

There is another advantage, too, in this arrangement. A ship so constructed would be able to operate in waters where ordinarily only light gunboats or destroyers could maneuver in safety. Accordingly it would be easy for a craft of this character either to hide where least expected or to run to cover when the odds offered by armored ships were too heavy against her.

Great Britain has found it necessary to utilize monitors, especially modified for the work. In her offensive operations against the German positions on the coast of Belgium. Shallow draft and fairly heavy armaments have made these vessels reasonably effective. However, the monitors have not been able to destroy the German naval station at Zeebrugge and the Kaiser's designers have no doubt long been busy devising a naval foil to the British attack.

This probability in part is warrant for Captain Sims' assumption that something out of the ordinary was likely to issue from Wilhelmshaven before the end of the present struggle. It is taken the form suggested the ship will not be a formidable foe only for England's monitors, but it would certainly prove a very dangerous antagonist for well-nigh any of Great Britain's heavy fighting ships.

As with so many things concerning our national defenses no secret has been made here of this proposed order of war craft. Captain Sims has said:

"It has been before our people for a long while. It has been discussed at the War college and papers have been written on it."

Foreigners have undoubtedly made themselves familiar with everything that has been given out about the ship and certainly the type would go a long way toward offsetting the disadvantage in numbers under which the German fleet labors. Moreover, there are economic reasons why a fighting ship of this peculiar type would commend itself especially to a people circumstanced as are the Germans now.

As Captain Sims says: "I have always believed that a vessel could be designed in that way without any necessity for a waste of side armor, because she would have nothing above her water line to protect; that is, substantially nothing. She would have no turrets, which cost so much in weight, and she would have no big guns, which cost in the weight of the gun, ammunition, etc."

"She would carry two towers, from either of which the ship could be controlled: One to be used in case the other was knocked out. They would be of sufficient size to hold the people who maneuver the craft. Her smoke pipe would be armored so that it could not be shot away so close to her deck as to do any particular damage. She could be armed with eight torpedo tubes on her side and she could carry a great many torpedoes for each one of those tubes."

At the Naval War college strategic experts have given this suggestion numerous theoretical tests.

At that institution the ship is commonly known as the Schofield, because Commander Frank H. Schofield was the first to suggest the type. In the strategic problems worked out on the game board the ship has led to some startling results.

Because armor is not necessary for torpedoes, weight is not required for big guns, and as the craft lies low in the water it is possible to give her a very effective defense against submarine attack, and it is feasible to subdivide her below the water line into many compartments, the very number serving to localize damage. Accordingly the Schofield is assumed to be proof against torpedo attack, while above water her protective deck and sturdy sides would stand off shots even from the largest guns because of the glancing blows that hostile projectiles would strike.

Possibly the best evidence of what the Naval War college thinks about the Schofield can be gathered from Captain Sims' own statement. While admitting that he did not know what such a vessel would actually do in time of conflict, he plainly expressed his apprehension of his chances if attacked by a craft of that order: "If I were in command of a fleet and one of those things came down on me I think I would turn the vessel over to the second in command and go down below."

It is not commonly understood by the layman that there are times when the torpedo even at long ranges stands a better chance of hitting than the big gun. The big gun may be seriously handicapped or impaired in its efficiency by reason of the weather. The torpedo, on the other hand, dives below the surface of the angriest sea and holds its depth despite tumbling waves as it speeds on toward its target.

It is for this reason that the Schofield is armed almost exclusively with torpedoes. Any guns that might be placed on deck would be only rapid fireers intended to stand off destroyers or to deal with armed merchantmen or commerce raiders.

Success in a naval action depends very much upon gaining the advantage of position so far as wind and light are concerned. In moderate weather, with a moderate breeze blowing, a commander wants to have the wind in his face. That is to say, the wind should blow from the direction of the enemy, because then the smoke and gas from his own guns blow back and away and leave the commander with an unimpaired view of his foe, while the enemy's discharge hangs for a while on his lee and interferes with his vision and the speedy working of his ordnance effectively.

It is not an easy thing to gain the position of advantage, and half the success in doing this hinges upon invisibility. A vessel like the Schofield, lying low in the water and capable of making 35 knots an hour, would have the whip hand in this particular, because she could slip along at full speed unobserved, whereas a ship rising higher above the surface would be sure to betray herself against the horizon.

The part that the weather plays in battle tactics is thus described by one of the army's eminent officers: "If you have been fortunate enough to get into position with the wind in your face and the foe to windward and it comes on to blow and kicks up a sea sufficient to splash water up over the sides of your ship when you are steaming 20 knots, then there is another difficulty. The spray will interfere very seriously with your firing because it keeps your telescopes wet."

Instead of looking through a clear telescope the situation is not unlike looking through the water when you are in swimming. Your vision is obscured. Water also may get into your turrets and into your fire control connections and possibly may put you at more or less of a disadvantage.

"Remember this, fleets fight nowadays at very long ranges, and if you sight an enemy that is bearing east from you and the conditions of wind and weather are such that you would like to have him bearing west, it would take you all that day to get him there if he does not want to do so, because if you try to steam around him he simply keeps you bearing ahead, while turning in an enormous circle, and after you have turned around about half way, he will turn and go the other way."

"In the olden days when they fought at short range it was possible by certain maneuverings to get the advantage of position with reference to the wind and sea, etc. It is nowhere near so easy to do it now. In fact, it is practically impossible, despite superiority in speed, within reasonable limits."

Because of her unusual features a ship patterned after the idea of the Schofield would not have to bother so much about advantage of position. Even while nearly buried under stormy seas it would be practicable for her commander to bring his broadside of torpedoes to bear, and every one of those weapons would be a good deal more formidable than the biggest of armor-piercing projectiles.

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have stood for one short hour in the full glare of the limelight, and nothing on earth will make him give up the calling which he thinks has been his since the hour of his birth."

A hard life, but the life! The run on the actors' fund may be heavy, the rank and file of the profession may find it necessary to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, but there is compensation.—New York Post.

Tattooing was a distinct trade in Caesar's time.

HOME TOWN HELPS

LAW FOR FIRE PREVENTION

New York City Seeks to Have Them Enforced Against Owners of Property Who Are Negligent.

The fire commissioner of New York city has, with the consent of the city's law department, brought suit against the owners of several buildings who disregarded an order to install fire-checking appliances for the expenses entailed by the municipality in extinguishing fires in those buildings, which occurred subsequent to the service on the owners of notice to comply with the requirements of the commissioner in the matter of providing safeguards against the spread of fire. The orders in question were issued on March 6, 1916, and because of failure to comply with them were sent to the bureau of penalties in the corporation counsel's office on June 2 for the enforcement of the legal penalty.

One of the buildings was converted into a storage warehouse a few months ago, and at the beginning of the summer, when the families in the neighborhood began to move away, was filled with furniture and household belongings. It is stated that the household belongings of about 700 families were stored in the warehouse.

An itemized statement showing the complete cost to the fire department in the services of the firemen, apparatus, expenditure of coal, water, etc., and damage to apparatus was prepared, and the suit was brought for this amount. As it was a four-alarm fire a very large number of fire companies participated. The firemen worked from 10:20 p. m. until 6:30 a. m. The cost of extinguishing this fire is estimated at \$1,500.

POLES AND WIRES HURT CITY

Los Angeles Newspaper Complains of Conditions Which Work Harm in Many Other Municipalities.

The residents of Los Angeles are to be congratulated if the city shall quickly acquire the privately owned lighting systems and avoid the multiple pole-and-wire systems now borne by the northeast districts. In the latter, in Garvanza and Highland Park districts particularly, more landscape beauty has been blotted out in a few months than the residents have been able to create in several years. Poles and wires are everywhere, trees despoiled, private property rights violated, in stringing wires without permission, and all the evils usually attendant upon service by employees protected in their vandalism by civil service. It is most sincerely hoped that acquisition of existing lines by the city will result in the removal of at least two-thirds of the present jungle, for the district is now despoiled.—Los Angeles Times.

City Managing a Profession.

When the commissioners in charge of Niagara Falls, N. Y., were looking about for a manager for the city they heard of a young fellow at Cadillac, Mich., named Carr. Cadillac was paying Carr \$3,500 as city manager, and it figured that it had made a good investment, for he had saved the city \$7,000 out of a budget of \$78,000.

Carr looked over the ground at Niagara Falls and said he would take the job at \$25,000. But he agreed to save the city \$25,000 by putting the city on a business basis. It looks as if he would make good.

That's what the city manager plan makes possible. It builds up a corps of trained men who know how cities ought to run. Then it permits a city to bid for the services of a man who is conspicuously successful in the business.—Kansas City Star.

Father of "Tanks."

Patriotic Scotsmen might plausibly claim that the real inventor of "tanks" was John Napier of Merchiston, who also invented logarithms. He had many varied intellectual activities besides the higher mathematics, and was a zealous proponent of Protestantism. For confounding all "enemies of God's truth" he confided to Bacon's elder brother certain "secret inventions." These included a chariot of metal, double musket-proof, the motion of which was controlled by those within, "who discharged shot through small holes, the enemy being abased, and uncertain what defense to make against a moving mouth of metal." This looks like the original "tank," but Napier directed the detailed designs for his weird instruments of war to be kept secret until necessity compelled their use.

Right Type of Patriotism.

Every American who does not think his land the fairest that ever the sun shone on, his own state the finest in the Union, and his town the best place in which to live has not reached the same celestial plane of joy and patriotism as the foreigner, who thinks his little wind-swept bog is the happiest spot in the happiest land the good God ever made. This is the love of country that glorifies a land and the people that inhabit it. This is what makes every hill and valley, every rock and rill, the most beautiful in the world, because it is ours, made sacred and beautiful by the memories woven around it.—Exchange.

Miscalculated His Capacity.

Mr. Goodleigh—I was surprised to see you in a helplessly intoxicated condition last evening.

Tippler—I was surprised myself. I thought I could stand a lot more.—Boston Transcript.

One Reason.

"Pa, why is it that poets are always poor?"

"One of the reasons is that they have to inclose postage for the return of their manuscripts."—Brooklyn Globe.

LURE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS

Seems to Be So Great That Few Are Able to Tear Themselves Away From Them.

The drain on the actor's income is heavy. Expensive tastes are forced upon him when he is at work, and are hard to throw off when he is idle.

In 1915, the writer estimates, there were 40,000 persons in the United States engaged in the "show" business. In that

year the applications for relief to the actors' fund averaged 200 a week, or 10,000 for the year. One in four asking for charity! It is probably a higher casualty rate than any other occupation can show.

What is the reason for this sad state of affairs? Seymour Hicks has given it in "Twenty-four Years of an Actor's Life." It is at the same time a reason and a rejoinder:

"Is the stage the only profession which is appalling to its failures? Are not all professions equally so for the failures that are necessarily in them? No; for the morass to which the witless-wisp, the footlights, leads on its victims is one, perhaps, which has no equal. Men may throw aside the sword for the barrister's wig, the literary career for that of the mining expert, the position of a younger son at home for the church militant abroad. But once let a man hear a round of applause for an individual effort, let him

have stood for one short hour in the full glare of the limelight, and nothing on earth will make him give up the calling which he thinks has been his since the hour of his birth."

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